



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON BURLESQUE ART

BY TUDOR JENKS

Illustrated by photographs of caricatures exhibited in New York, in March, 1895.

I BELIEVE in consulting experts upon their own subjects, and therefore asked a member of the Authors' Club what was the meaning of "Trilby: Her first Appearance." He told me that she was a character in a recent book by Du Maclaren.

He gave an outline of the plot. "Trilby," it seems, was a model for young girls—that is, young girls in pictures, not real ones. She got there with both feet, especially the left one, and was a pretty useful sort of girl, "altogether," except for some defect that the author doesn't emphasize particularly. She wasn't lacking in honesty, or good temper, and didn't break things. She was an excellent washer and ironer, and clear-starcher, and had no objection to going into the country. She was also a good plain cook. Her trouble was with followers—she was something of a flirt. Anyway, she refused to take any taffy, and went around giving farewell concerts with an unpleasant Hebrew named Svengestro. The book is based on the old song:

"I loved her, and she might have been
The happiest girl in the land,
But she fancied a foreigner who played the flageolet
In the middle of a German band."

And when she came home to die, "Little Billee," who never was strong, died too. The



TRILBY: HER FIRST APPEARANCE



A FIN-DE-SIECLE EPISODE



'THE MAID WAS IN THE GARDEN, HANGING OUT THE CLOTHES,
WHEN DOWN CAME A BLACKBIRD AND NIPPED OFF HER NOSE''

doctors said it was heart-failure. If "Taffy" and the "Laird" had not both lived through it the book would have made a hit, if the publishers had advertised it. It is illustrated by Thomas Nast, or one who learned shading in the same school—the fly-screen school.

Strangely enough, the next drawing is by C. D. Dobson, author of "Old World Idles," and "At the Sign of the Liar," and creator of the beltless American girl.

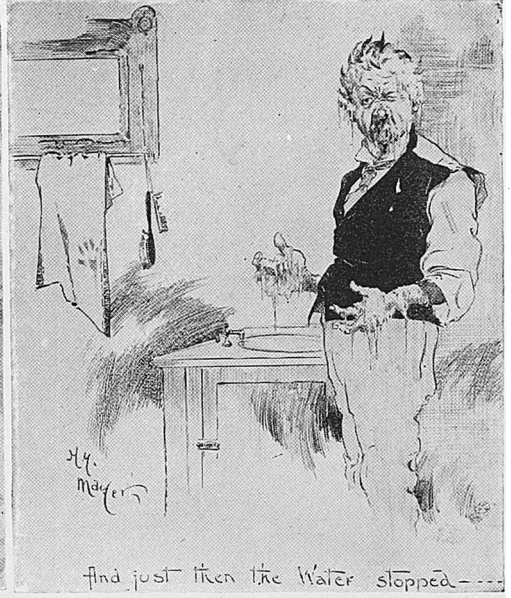
It is, as Mr. Bangs of Corsica remarked, a count of no account hypnotizing an American heiress into exchanging cash for a coronet—getting change for half a crown. This remark is covered by the general copyright-laws of several governments, in the hope that attention may thus be concentrated upon its iniquity.



A REALISTIC STREET-CORNER OF PARIS



CHAUNCEY DE PEACH



AND JUST THEN THE WATER STOPPED

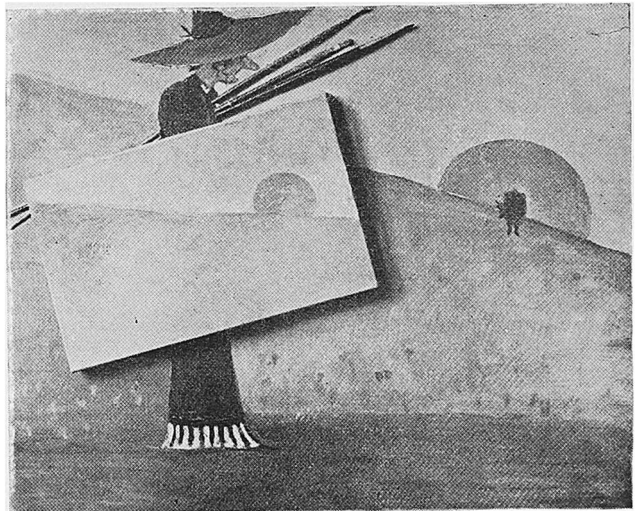
Walt Whitman's ode upon the next gem can hardly be improved:—

Who is this that I see?
 The tall, slim, with arms outstretched, groping?
 The clothes-line, petticoat-hung, humidity dis-
 pelling?
 A girl, a female girl, young, fair!—pretty fair—
 fair to middling, let us say,
 Why not? Oh, hush!
 And the bird, ebon-winged, also outstretching.
 A blackbird by-coming, nose-snipping!

Afar I hear the chink of gold,
 loathsome gold—gold
 in the counting-room,
 Counted out by the king. I
 would like to be a king
 Or a queen—a bread-and-
 honey eating queen,
 kitchen in-sitting.

And what of it?
 Oh, the snipness of ravens!
 Why not stop here! Whoa!

The "Realistic Street-
 corner in Paris" is not
 signed, but no doubt it is
 by Raffaelli. You may
 know that because it is so
 ugly, and at ugliness Raf-
 faelli can give cards and
 spades to the whole Acad-
 emy of Design. Whenever



AN ART STUDENT

a Weary Raggles tries to drown himself in the Seine, they rescue him and encourage him. "Do not despair," they say, "go to Raffaelli. He will make a model of you."

One eminent art-critic says that the line of the water-spout synchronizes too much with the tail and off-hind leg of the feline. But he fails to notice that the chiffonière's dexter fore-limb subtly accentuating yet differentiates this symphonic curve—a distinction



HEART EXCHANGE

score of a Wagnerian opera.

Chauncey Depeach is a character prominent on the Bowery, who said that he started in life with his two hands and his head. But since then he admits having acquired a prominent corporation—the result of judicious watering. He is a rising after-dinner speaker, and has kindly consented to publish his recipe. Here it is:

Select a well-developed chestnut. Transplant it to Peekskill. As soon as



EVENTIDE; OR, A WOMAN WITH A HISTORY

first drawn by a member of the Seidl Society who understands the bass-drum



A NYMPH AT THE SPRING

moss appears on it, serve it with a smile and in full dress. A few deft passes will make it acceptable, when served with plenty of wine-sauce. If possible, don't let them expose it in the *Sun*.

Mr. Mayer's little soap-and-water-color lacks finish—being merely washed in. The drawing is better—down stairs.

The "Art Student" while purely decorative is believed to be from life, and like "Eventide" is one of those pictures which haunt the memory like a boil. There is none of this poetic quality in the *genre* study called "Heart Exchange." This is a distinct impression—derived from close proximity to Nature. The handling is more effective than delicate. While the anatomy is firm and full of bone, there is sufficient feeling in the attitudes. Perhaps there may be a want of breadth in the modeling of the woman's figure, and certainly there is a lack of simplicity in the lover's face.

"A Nymph at the Spring" is made up of few elements—a flower in the flowing hair, a streamlet bickering into the valley, a maiden coyly lurking behind an umbrella, and a pair of Arctic over-shoes concealing two mere feet—what is there in this to make the heart rise unbidden in the throat, and to bring thoughts that are too deep for utterance? Ah!—"even an umbrella would be something!" as Dick Swiveller said; and here we see how truly he spoke.

W. Forthamilton Gibson has made a specialty of flowers and insects; but this Botany Bay study of the *Policemannus Newyorkii* is by another hand; and the verses (from Byrnes's Poems) fitly comment upon this beautiful example of Protective Mimicry. Somehow, the Joan Dark and the Spirits, and the design for a Tablet in the City Hall, have a subtle relation to this same subject. But the Tablet is an allegory. The Street-Cleaning Goddess of Reform, arrayed in white duck, is sur-

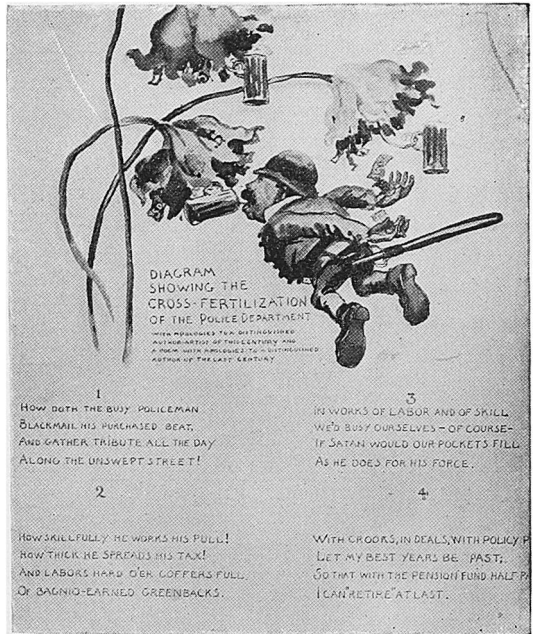
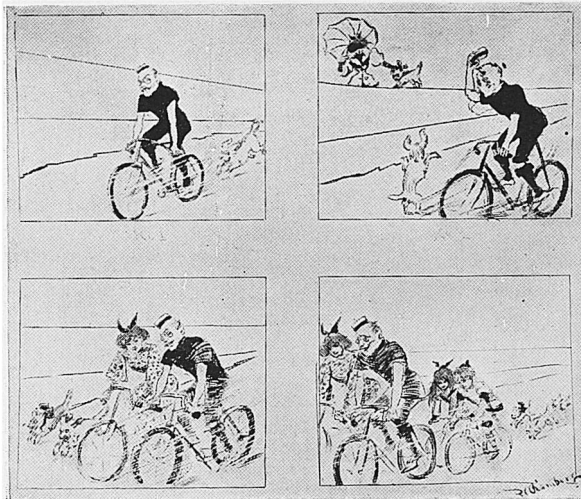


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE CROSS-FERTILIZATION OF THE
NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT



A BICYCLE EPISODE

veying a dead tiger which has been deposited in one of the new ash-bags. The expression of the face signifies the Tiger has been long no more, and is suggestive of G. A. R. bage. The satirist no doubt favors a Strong policy, and disapproves of the Mayor's acting on a Platt-form of his own. "La Cigale" explains itself — and has been explaining itself since Æsop's childhood. The "Theatre



DESIGN FOR A TABLET, NEW YORK CITY HALL

"Him twice I smote—twice groaning prone he fell!
With limbs relaxed, prostrate where he lay,
With thumb adjusted to his nose, he spread
His fat and supple fingers out, and waved
Them gently to and fro, and grinned the while.
Him with thi, I blow I dowered, votive gift
To Hades down below, and called 'Strong,
If there are any more why just come on!'"

"The Three Guardsmen" is a New Yorker's impression of Brooklyn by night; but the churches in the background are evidently faked—the third in the row, Talmage's late Tabernacle, was burned at that time (and at other times, too); and the figure on the extreme left is too much like a policeman to be a natural adjunct to such a scene.

The "Road to Palmyra" is a good



LA CIGALE

Hat" can never be the fit subject of a take-off, the secant of the curved brim being too popular with the unselfish sex.



THE THEATRE-HAT

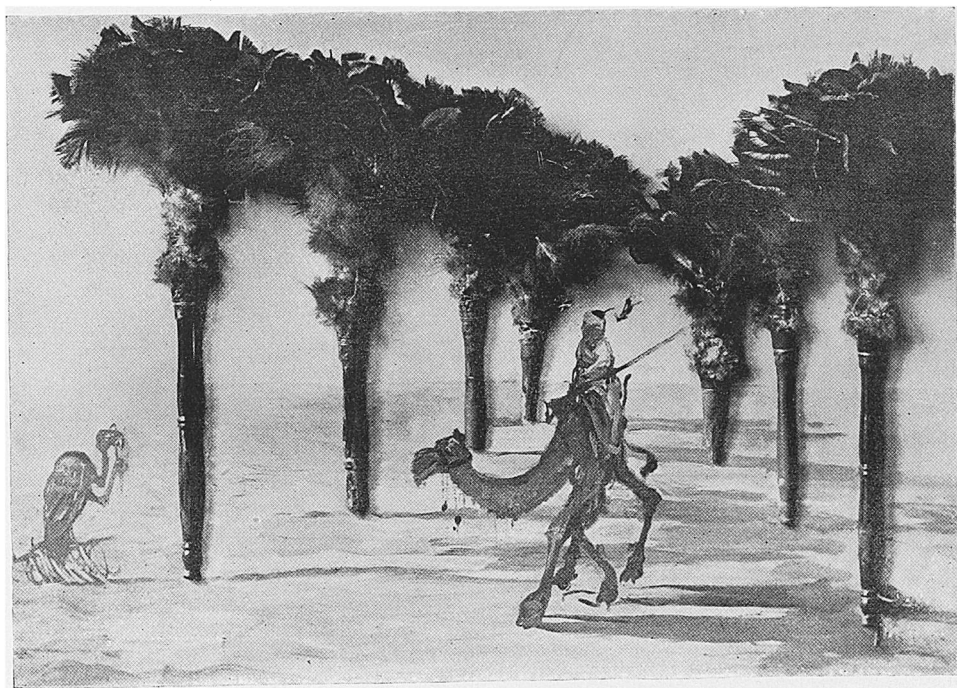
example of brush-work; and a fine sense of perspective,—in puns.

In the revised version of *Joan Dark*, the burlesquer has succeeded in surpassing the original. It will be remembered by those who have happened to arrive at the Metropolitan Museum on the free days, that the original *Joan* is seeing things. Now, in a subtle spirituous way, the parodist has made us sure that his *Joan* is seeing at least twice as much as the other *Joan*, and this is a distinct triumph for the Rumantic school.

After this ideal study, let us approach the "Nightmare." A *New Yorker* said that it was a Chicago *Nouvelle Millionnaire*; a gentleman from Chicago told me



THE THREE GUARDSMEN (BROOKLYN, 1895)



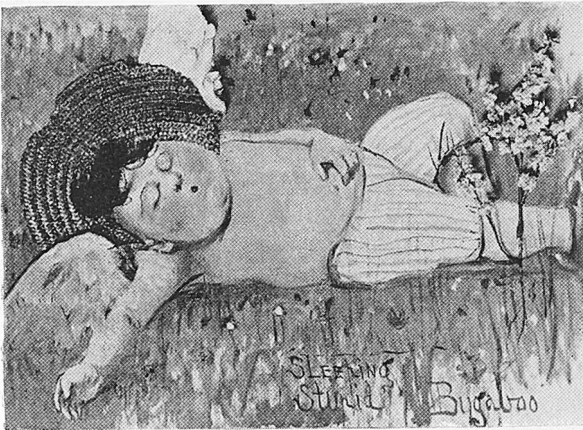
FEATHER DUSTY ROAD TO PALMYRA



JOAN DARK AND THE SPIRITS

But no Moore of that. The "Sleeping Stupid" is no longer in the market, having been bought by the proprietor of a remedy for insomnia, to whom it was recommended as showing great repose. After life's fitful fever and ague he sleeps well.

There is too much politics in the remaining studies. The design for a fountain is evidently the work of a partisan hand, but those who are offended by its satire, may find in the next study



SLEEPING STUPID

that it was a well-known resident of what a leading newspaper calls *THE* Fifth Avenue; but as a matter of fact, the artist confided to me that the lady is a dream-child of his own, called up by reading the lines:

"Rich and rare were the gemsshewore."



A NIGHTMARE

a consoling thought. Does not this emblematic composition warn us that the Tammany Tiger may yet down the Scholar in Politics, and leave naught but a mortar-board and academic gown to be her empty memorial?

There is a curious side to this burlesque art. It has often been said that parody is the touchstone that tries true metal. But from the art-student's point of view, parody is rather the winnowing fan that

separates the grain from the chaff. In a really fine picture the qualities that make it are never those of which parody can lay hold. Burlesque separates the accidental from the essential, and permits the accidental to usurp the throne.

It might be worth while to inquire why ridicule is a more effective weapon than logic. Why should derision slay a sham that exposure alone cannot kill? Perhaps the explanation will be found in the fact that while many men are willing to be considered knaves, none will bear the imputation of being a fool. Exposing a sham still permits the hypothesis that its perpetrator is a knave; but a successful parody is a demonstration that the fool-element is present in undue proportion,—that the man is not only out of tune with the world but with himself.

The immortal romance of "Don Quixote" is a stock illustration of the effectiveness of burlesque. There was little or no truth of sentiment in the high-flown tales to which Cervantes gave the death-blow. They were known to be false, but still lived. Cervantes showed them to be not only false but absurd.



DESIGN FOR A FOUNTAIN TO BE PRESENTED TO THE
CITY OF NEW YORK BY THE POLICE DEPARTMENT



SHE WAS A VERY NICE GIRL